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THE

EGOTIST.

THE
EGOTIST:
OR,
SACRED SCROLL.
A
FAMILIAR DIALOGUE
BETWEEN THE
AUTHOR OF THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE
AND
OCTAVIUS.

“ TALKING HIMSELF INTO A LITTLE GOD.”

CHURCHILL.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR MESSRS. MURRAY AND HIGHLEY,
FLEET-STREET.

1798.



THE

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE annexed Poem came into my possession in the following very extraordinary manner:—

I was walking home one night—the streets were cleared of every busy foot—it was dark and silent.—Suddenly, I heard voices in the air;—I, as suddenly, stopt,—and *looking*, as it were, for the *sound*, I perceived a white Scroll descending from the clouds!—Like Mahomet I stood!—It was fortunate that the Scroll was not the Alcoran, I should certainly have been felled to the ground; for, small as the said Manuscript was, it alighted on my head with such weight, that it immediately occurred to me—there must be a great composition of lead within it.—However, when I recovered from my staggering condition, I seized it with trembling hands, and hurried home.—As soon as I reached my chamber, by the light of an *Udolphian*-lamp, while the wind rattled against my windows,

f A

dows, I sat at my table, and opened the heaven-sent Scroll.—The first thing I read was an Address to Me—that is,—“ To the Mortal into whose hands” (or upon whose head) “ this Scroll shall chance to alight!”

I will no longer detain the Reader with an account of the sensations which a Manuscript received in such a secret manner occasioned within me:—for so secret it certainly was, that it seemed as if the unseen Spirit had watched an opportunity—when every star was *extinguished*—to pelt it so unmercifully upon my pate!

It now strikes me very forcibly that all this was done for *one* sound reason,—to impress me with *one* great truth,—which is——

That SECRECY is the very soul of SUBLIMITY.

Thus I take my leave of the Reader,—observing at the same time, that I have made but few comments on the annexed Work:—but where I have done so, *Notes* will be found at the bottom of the several pages signed by Me,

THE EDITOR.

TO

THE MORTAL

INTO WHOSE HANDS THIS SCROLL
SHALL CHANCE TO ALIGHT!!!

I AM a Spirit doomed by Fate to assume the shape and mind of different men at different times. Why this was ordained must remain a SECRET to *Mortals*.—It was decreed—That I should assume the person and mind of the wonderful Mr. INVISIBLE—the *Author of the Pursuits of Literature*.

Thus, you must conceive me, Reader, (as much as though I were born so) Author of the said profound and inestimable Work.

Now, if by chance you have not read the said Work (which, by the by, is almost impossible,) for all the world must have perused a Work of so much fame!—Indeed, several old ladies have become blind by reading it over so frequently—although I advised them, in my Preface—to read it—*but twice*;—that is, once with the Notes, and once without them.—

But, to continue :—if you have not read the above-mentioned Pursuits of Literature, I beg you will do so without *delay*.—"PROCRASTINATION is the *Thief* of Time."—In this instance, he would add to his *felony* by *robbing* you of those delightful sensations which a composition of Wit and Learning naturally bestows.—Hanging in chains would be too good for this dangerous criminal!—So make haste—apply to BECKET, Pall Mall—dash down *eight shillings and sixpence*—(no more ! for it is not "*hot-pressed*" NONSENSE,) and you will receive in return a Work which is worth its weight in diamonds of the first water.—You will find in it,

1st, That I am exquisitely learned.

2dly, That I am as intimate with the Ancients, as though I drank my *black* broth with the Spartans every day, and magnificently supped with the Romans every night.—(N. B. You will find this intimacy with the Ancients in the annexed Dialogue.)

3dly, You will find—a Note upon every thing.—(N. B. So you will find in the annexed Dialogue.)

4thly, A Quotation upon many things.—(So you will find in my annexed Dialogue.)

One of my stupid enemies (a most rank Jacobinical-Foxitish-Erskineitish-Grayitish-Sheridanical

ridanical fellow) observed, that I skulked amongst a *learned mob* *, and that I picked each of their pockets in turn †; and that with a great deal of trade-impudence had hung out their handkerchiefs! ‡ at the door of my *stall* § :—and likewise exhibited their mantles—their large flapped hats—their togas—and their tunics—which I ransacked them of :—and further, that I was not only such a purloiner and vender of Literary Old Cloaths (as he impudently termed it,) but that I stood at the door of my said stall—throwing, pieces of mouldy Grecian helmets, bits of rusty Roman spears, and such like pieces of *old iron—brass—and lead*—putting RATIONALITY in boldly fear whenever it passed me ||.

But

NOTES.

* The Ancients.

† Alluding to my quoting from their Works.

‡ It is a doubt to me whether the Ancients condescended to use any.

§ Meaning my Poem of the P—— of L——.

|| I could see into the malignant heart of this enemy.—His mean *allusion* to my connection with the Ancients—by mouldy Grecian helmets, rusty spears, and old iron :—He would as insolently insinuate, that I possessed Impudence, by the com-
mon

But to proceed, and give you a short account of the following Dialogue :—

You have observed, no doubt, in my “ Pursuits of Literature ”—that the Dialogue *there*, is carried on between

“ The AUTHOR

AND

OCTAVIUS.”

Now, critical Reader ! I beg you will take notice, that I only borrowed the *name* of a *once-loved* friend, named *Octavius* ; therefore do not mistake me, and suppose Octavius gave me a single idea throughout the whole of the above mentioned Poem. It was all my own ;—the poetry or versification—the Notes, *ponderous* and *sarcastic*—quotations, Greek, Latin, and Italian—all the sublimity—wit—humour—learning—all ! all ! all !—was mine ! mine ! mine !—

Ah ! happy time !—As I wrote the above-mentioned Work—I then fancied myself standing, as it were, in the midst of the whole people of

NOTES.

mon symbol of Brags.—By Lead, he would hint that I was dull and heavy.—Thus, this malignant enemy depicted me, and my whole Poem—by an Old Iron Shop, where you will find Hats—Handkerchiefs—Iron—Brags—Lead, &c.

See COLQUHOUN'S Pol. of Met.

I hope I shall be forgiven for quoting a living author.

Great

Great Britain, all looking up to me as their Saviour—every mouth wide open, every eye fixt on me;—an anxious multitude gazing on me—a second *unshaved* Samson! strong enough to prop a falling State, or to pull down the porch of a Winchester Palace, and crush a world of Jacobins beneath its roof!—

Ah! Reader, judge now of the ills of the world!—will you believe me, that, as soon as my Poem of “The Pursuits of Literature” appeared, a *secret* MALIGNANT Spirit touched the heart of the real Octavius (who was my friend)—sent him to me with my Poem in his hands.—He first thanked me—for honouring him by borrowing his name—then praised me—then banter’d me—then insulted and abus’d me—and, finally, broke off all friendship with me.—But you will find all this in the following Dialogue which passed between us.—So proceed!

INVISIBLE,

Author of the Pursuits of Literature.

AS I directed the purchasers of my former Poem, (the Pursuits of Literature,) to read the Text and the Notes separately, and then together; not doubting the Reader will do the same with the annexed Poem,—I have furnished Mr. Becket, Pall-Mall, and Mess. Murray and Highley, Fleet-Street, with some “EXTRACT OF LEAD,” (commonly called Goulard,) to be made up into *Eye-Water*;—a vial of which, if necessary, will be delivered with my *Eight Shilling and Sixpenny Pamphlet*.

A

FAMILIAR DIALOGUE.

AUTHOR.

ALL hail, Octavius!—

OCTAVIUS.

——Hail, most rev'rend Seer!

AUTHOR.

Thy hand I clasp with every joy sincere.
My Poem's printed!—

OCTAVIUS.

——Sire! I have it here.—
And warmest thanks!—for throwing so much
fame
Upon so poor, and so *obscure*, a name;

B

I still

I still had mov'd in dull Oblivion's night !
But thou, a Sun with thy strong radiance bright,
Mak'ft me a Moon shine with a *borrow'd* light !

AUTHOR.

I thought—*Octavius* was a name fo grand,
So *Roman-like*, august,—'twould rouse the land !
Am I mistaken in this godlike thought ?
The Work, the whole metropolis has caught !
All shops expose it, and all men have bought !

OCTAVIUS.

It is fo cheap !—(not *hot-press'd*,—Folly-fill'd !)
So stamp'd by Learning, and by Wit fo seal'd ;—
A **Deed** of Godlike wisdom,—a decree,
Sign'd by a God to teach Posterity.—

AUTHOR.

Your glowing praise, Sir, *blushes* on my cheek ;
But *Truth* makes me allow—'tis *Truth* you speak !
Yet still it stirs my *Bashfulness*, to hear
Past merits sung while *new ones* still appear
To back your praise——

OCTAVIUS.

——And make me grant you more !

Your wit——

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

—My *blushes* thicken, pray give o'er !

OCTAVIUS.

I must praise *Wit* !—you cannot speak without it !

AUTHOR.

Your judgment's good,—'twere boldness, Sir,
to doubt it.

Which like you best ?—which Genius *most*
denotes,

The *glowing* Poem, or the *hum'rous* Notes ?

OCTAVIUS.

Your Poem's great !!!—your wit so sharp and
keen,

That ev'ry word seems *yellow* with the *spleen* ;—

Your language *striking*, and your fancy *bold*,

Save, when a dozen names, two lines unfold !—

And then, such poignant dignity of style !—

Your energy would stir an infant's bile ;

Make puny girls (Tisiphones in frocks)

Pluck their old Fathers by their snowy locks, }

Should their presumption dare to praise a Fox. }

AUTHOR.

(a) My plan, my plan, Octavius!—there's the merit!

So grand! so *novel*! of such new-born spirit!

OCTAVIUS.

Your plan is great!—*great* Author, is it new?

AUTHOR.

Heavens! Octavius!—do you doubt me, too?

Of grand conception, force, and dignity,

Dialogue-magic took (a) its rise in me!

OCTAVIUS.

(a) “In my Poem no imitation whatsoever is intended of any former writer, or of any former poem.”

N. B. I have said this before in my Pursuits of Literature, Preface to *first* Dialogue, Page 4, published by Becket (1798), Pall-mall.—I have again repeated the same thing in my Preface to the *last* Dialogue, Page 193. *Great things* cannot be repeated too often; particularly by *learned men*. I am so extensively—so *ponderously*—and so *astoundingly learned*, that I frequently, (through a kind of *learned absence*, very prevalent amongst us *great men*) when my landlady demands her *attic* rent,—answer her in *Greek*. I have as frequently directed the shoe-black to rub my shoes in Latin!! Trifles! trifles! Sir, sometimes bring Great Men to their senses:—a shoe-brush—by the Gods! a shoe-brush!—clenched in the extended fist of the shoe-black, who stood motionless—a pair of fixed eyes, that seemed

OCTAVIUS.

Why did not Esop make his beasts converse?

AUTHOR.

Did Esop make them dialogue in verse?

Unlike our strength ! unlike our sportive bits !

OCTAVIUS.

True !—for ev'n Esop's *asses* were all *wits*.

AUTHOR.

You're full of sport !—well, Genius will be free !

I've splash'd *my betters*,—now you spatter me.

But cease all joke ! your judgment I require—

I've much on hand, so promptness I desire ;

For *TEMPUS fugit*—like a whore from home—

OCTAVIUS.

So *TEMPUS* did of old in Greece and Rome,

seemed glaring in lamp-black sockets—a mouth wide open ;
—and my foot fixt full five minutes on a stool—yes, by the
Gods ! such trifles as these—brought me to my recollection—
knock'd at the door of my brain, and told me that it was
“ a time to speak *Englisb*.”—“ Every *dirty* fellow, says Re-
collection to me, does not learn *Latin*, you know !!!—I took the
hint—“ Clean my shoes, my lad !”—Such things will happen to
us classical men !

In

AUTHOR.

In Athens, Corinth, Syracuse, Macedonia,

OCTAVIUS.

Theffaly, Thebes, Arcadia, *Caledonia* :

AUTHOR.

Epaminondas knew the Sire had wings ;

OCTAVIUS.

And *wife* Domitian knew that wasps had stings ! (*b*)

AUTHOR.

Cæsar, Eumenes, Pericles, and Cato,

Patroclus, Asdrubal, Petronius, Plato,

(*b*) This learned Roman well knew the nature of Wasps. — This sagacious monarch was very fond of hunting flies— which he wittily termed his *foxes* *—for when he put his finger near one—he used to observe it had the *keenness* to fly away !—Sometimes this *divine*-mortal would place the edge of his hand against the wall, and with one sweep palm a score or two—sometimes he would flatten half-a-dozen against the said wall open-handed—this undoubtedly was an unfair advantage. — Every man has his *bobby-horse*—this gracious pated monarch rode a fly.—I do not find that the Roman historians have noticed these particulars.—I have consulted Bombasticum, on *Flies*, vol. lxxv. p. 2458. ; and Pedantestrian, on *Emperors*, vol. xlix. chap. 273. p. 2596,

* “ This animal is noticed for its sagacity.” See BUFFON.

OCTAVIUS.

OCTAVIUS.

Paufanius, Alexander, Clytus, Nero,

AUTHOR.

Romulus, Pacorus, Pollux—every hero!
Dentatus too, (who fix-score battles fought,
And five and forty wounds his carcase caught;

OCTAVIUS.

So that a *walking shield*, all bruised he mov'd—

AUTHOR.

Alive, or dead—by Romans well-belov'd)
Florus, and Fortius, Euclid, and Menander,
Pomponius, Castor, Scævola, and Lyfander,
Knew *TEMPUS Fugit* morning, noon, and night,
And drips his sands in darkness and in light. (c)

OCTAVIUS.

Immortal Classic!—sure, Eternity
Is far too short to say what's due to thee!

(c) I hope the reader will emphatically observe how exceedingly conversant I am with the Ancients, and their *Scribendi dicendi que ratio*, as Mar. Por. Cato prettily expresses it.—My head is a kind of pantheon of these learned antiques; so that I can introduce them pat, on any subject from the wings of Time, down to the Wing and Sting of a Wasp.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Say, my Octavius, (*d*)—is't a wond'rous work? (*e*)
Have I not slash'd *them* (*f*)—like a hero-Turk!

OCTAVIUS.

Upon my foul—the whole is wond'rous fine!
And *bump-back'd* Pope (*g*)—I see in every line.

AUTHOR.

(*d*) I do love to address myself thus—

“ Say, my Octavius!”

Or—“ Correct as Gifford!”

Or—“ Gifford approves!”

Or—“ What says my Gifford!”

It sounds so much like—“ Awake, my St. John!”—O yes! I am another Pope!!—I am resolved to live for ever!—as I say in my Pursuits of Literature—and so shall Gifford!—we shall go down to posterity! and posterity will repeat—*Invisible* and *Gifford*!—as the people of our day mention Pope and St. John—but *they* will be forgotten!!

(*e*) The Pursuits of Literature.

(*f*) The writers of the day.

What a fine invention of mine is this *Prose-RAMPART* (as I formidably term *my Notes* in my Pursuits of Lit. Introd. Letter, p. 6.—Printed for Becket 1798.) If it were not for this Rampart, how would my artillery have been scientifically pointed?—who would have understood what I meant by the word “ *them*,” if I had not propt the line with my *Prose-buttres*!

(*g*) It appears to me as if Octavius did not mean *poetic* Pope,

AUTHOR.

Immortal Dryden! do you not perceive?—

—Methinks I see you laughing in your sleeve!

—We

Pope, but *deformed* Pope, by the stress he has laid on the word *bump-backed* *.—

* Some speculators think it very strange, and likewise no less true, that deformed men are commonly keen and crabbed.—This class of philosophers think that these four qualities naturally arise from that constant derision which attends those unfortunate deformed creatures from their very childhood;—their playmates thinking, that as Nature has thought fit to sport with them, that they have a right to *sport* with them, themselves.—These *Philosophers* likewise think that what is *grotesque* naturally excites risibility—that *risibility*, in return, as naturally excites irritation in these crooked beings; and as they become so frequently the laughter of their companions, they are *naturally* always on the *watch*, which gives them an abusual turn of *keenness*. Thus, *DERISION* *naturally* sharpens, and likewise fours the temper of these *wry-framed* mortals, and eventually renders them full of asperity, and, very frequently, *malignantly* wry-minded.—Now, other Philosophers (*Philosophers* differ as much as *Doctors*) maintain, that this turn of temper in the above-mentioned beings—is *not* *CRABIDITY*!—but nothing more nor less than *DIGNITY*! Mountains (say they) are certainly the sublime of nature, and it is the *sublimity of back*, which in *humpy* men lies so very near the brain, that the *rays* of *Genius* play against it, and are thrown back from this dense protuberance of dignity; (just as the glowing heat of the sun is thrown from a clay bank:)—upon the lines they write:—Mr. G—ff—d, for instance,

C

not

—We once were friends,—you sneer, and I'm
your foe !

OCTAVIUS.

LINGO !!!—why sure your passions overflow !
Surely my smile, your wit does not impeach—
Wit, that would baulk e'en Pope and Dryden's
reach !

Their

—not that I mean to rank Pope's name with his, I would not do the ingenious Mr. G—— so much injustice as to compare his correctness with Mr. Pope's—the resemblance between them certainly lies more in the *back* than in the *brain*. I think I shall not do wrong in quoting an authority which the ingenious Pope-and-Dryden-Author of the Pursuits of Literature pays (and indeed properly) a just deference to which to be sure, lessens the arguments in defence of the dignity of *Humps*.

LEVITICUS, Chap. xxi.

Ver. 16. “ And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

17. “ Speak unto Aaron, saying, whosoever hath any blemish, let him not approach to offer the bread of his God.

18. “ For whatsoever man he be that hath a blemish, he shall not approach—

20. “ The crook-backed, or a dwarf, or hath a blemish in his eye, or be scurvy, or be scabbed :

23. “ He shall not come nigh unto the altar, that he *profane* not my *sanctuaries*.

24. “ And Moses told it to Aaron and his Sons”——

And I tell it to the Pope-and-Dryden-Author of the Pursuits of Literature and his friend, Mr. G—— ; and as a learned
quoter

Their writings are **black Rats**,—your *wit*'s a cat.

The rats *may run*!—A cat o'ertakes a rat!

AUTHOR:

quoter of the Bible, I shall offer my Commentary upon these holy injunctions merely as they allude to my present subject.—Were the Holy temple now standing, and were England, Holy Land, doubtless both Mr. G—ff—d and the Pope-and-Dryden-Author of the Pursuits of Literature would be excluded the holy-honour of approaching the altar—for almost all the defects quoted in the abovementioned verses would strictly prohibit them, if those laws extended to the *Poet* as well as to the man.

Mr. G ——— D,

1st, Is naturally (or unnaturally) *hump-backed* and *crooked*.
2dly, Has (*poetically*) a *blemish* in both eyes; for while he fancies he perceives faults in others, he is blind to his own imperfections.

Mr. INVISIBLE,

Author of Pursuits of L ———,
1st, Is a dwarf; for long and short are only judged by comparison—Now Mr. Invisible has been pleased to render himself so, by bringing *Poetic* Pope and Dryden before us, and placing himself at the side of them,—which of course has rendered him very—very—diminutive indeed.—Mr. Invisible is a dwarf.

2dly, Mr. Invisible has shewn us in almost every line of his P— of L——, that he is both poetically and prosaically infected with the *scurvy*.

3dly, That he is so poetically *lame* in many of his lines—that he is frequently obliged to hobble on his *Note-Crutches*.

C 2

Thus,

AUTHOR.

My wit's a stag—Black-letter Dogs (*b*) may
run—

They follow ! pant ! they drop, and are undone.
By Gifford's great correctness do I swear !

(*b*) I am exceedingly fond of this truly *witty* idea. I have used it frequently in my Pursuits of Literature.—But now I will give you an explanation in what sense I use it here : — Black-letter dogs—(Satirical Writers.)—*Satirical Writers*,—certainly cannot write without *Ink* :—Now, Ink is black ; *ergo*, the letters

Thus, by the above quotations, we see that God would *not* permit the Crook-backed, &c. &c. to approach the altar, or officiate as Priests ; and since they are prohibited of God, we must conceive a Hump as an almighty seal, and should therefore be taken strict care of by men. It would have been as well if the abovementioned Gentlemen had not officiated as Literary Priests—for the only part of their sacred function has been that of *Sacrificing* !—

They have approached the altar, and they have sinned.

Surely the very outrageously religious, strict and orthodox Author of the P—— of L——, cannot censure me for advising and exhorting my fellow men to be careful of and avoid what has been marked by an almighty hand—while he exhorts his countrymen to beware of, and declare war against those who have been unjustly marked by his mortal *one*.—O Jacobins !—O Humps ! We are both orthodox !—

A friend of mine observed to me, upon the above note, how ill-natured and illiberal we may be, by *partially* quoting writings to back our malice, and promote malignity.—Then here is exhibited a fine trio—Invisible—Gifford—and

EDITOR.

OCTAVIUS.

OCTAVIUS.

Black-letter Dogs shall not o'ertake your
bare ! (i)

AUTHOR.

letters that are written with it, are black. Writers (Satirical) are *Snarlers*;—now Snarlers are dogs; ergo, *Satirists* are dogs.—Thus black lettered Dogs mean Satirical Writers.—So Black-letter Dogs—(Satirists)—may follow my Wit, they cannot overtake it! *

(i) My friend Octavius means by my *Hare*—my Wit.

N. B. What charming things these Notes are ! they assist so wonderfully ! They are a good blindman's-dog, when the Poetry is *obscure*,—as in the above instance.—They elucidate when one's genius is dim, and when we are not capable of being *poetically explicit* ; and so it happens in my Pursuits of Literature, p. 190, (Becket, 98.)—where I say :

“ None shall her column's stately pride deface,

“ The snake winds harmless round the marble base.”

and this—*dark passage*, I light up with my—Prose-Candle† thus——

“ My

* The AUTHOR has frequently used his black letter dogs in his *Pursuits of Literature*.—In short, the Reader who has the *patience* to pursue his sublime Stag—(his *Wit*)—will find a pack of these *dusky* children of *bitches* frequently unkennelled upon him,—as he trudges through the dirty Road.—

As to the definition of a black letter dog,

Mr. Invisible!——

“ Veluti in Speculum !”——

(I love quotations.)

EDITOR.

† N. B. Even this Candle wants a little snuffing !—perhaps there is a winding-sheet in it—ominous of the Death of the great work !—but Goliath lost his breath.—Even Gifford must die !!!

EDITOR.

AUTHOR.

Octavius *smiles*!—By Genius e'er delighted!

OCTAVIUS.

Gifford's correctness never can be flighted.

" My friend, Octavius, *means* by this allusion to observe,
 " that the *proper, constant, and undeviating* application of
 " Time, Learning, and Talents—" (By the by how I thought
 of myself as I wrote the two last words!)—" must ultimately
 " resist the *malignity of Criticism*, and rise superior to Tem-
 " porary Neglect in any department of Literature—of Go-
 " vernment"—(O fie!)—" or of Society+!!!" (p. 190.)

But before I conclude,—tell me, Reader!—How do you
 like my *Notes*?—my prose-candle?—" my Rampart?"—my
 buttrefs?—my blindman's dog?—my——One of my enemies
 observed, on reading my Pursuits of Literature, that my
 notes came in—a *Prose-Bully* to back the mouthing of my
Poetic-Whore.—But to such men I say, Keep out of my
 Brothel.—Thus, you are answered, gentlemen of the—
 " Brothel."——

I answered one Steevens something in this way in my P——
 of Lit. who said my Poetry was a peg to hang my Notes on.
 I gave a very witty note on this, which see in my Pur. of Lit.
 p. 246. (Becket, 98.) I concluded by saying, " so much for
 " Mr. Steevens and Co."—Gentlemen of the " Peg."

+ How sublime!!!—There!!—There!!—there's my Pom-
 ponius up in the *attics*, said a Schoolmaster,—on suddenly ob-
 serving his son looking out of the garret-window.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

As to my Poetry (*k*)—(under the rose)—(*l*)

OCTAVIUS.

—It was not meant a night-cart for your prose ;

(*k*) “ As to my Poetry or versification, it was not written as a VEHICLE for the notes, but the notes were composed to accompany the text.”—verbatim from my Pur. of Lit. Introductory letter, p. 11, printed for Becket (1798.)

(*l*) Not Mr. Rose of the Treasury,—for believe me, honest Reader, my incomparable Poem (which by the by—“ I ONLY OFFER TO THOSE WHO ARE CONVERSANT WITH THE STRENGTH, SIMPLICITY, AND DIGNITY OF DRYDEN AND POPE, AND TO THEM ALONE,” as I have already declared in my Pursuits of Literature, Introductory Letter, p. 9, printed for Becket, 1798.)—my said unequalled and unequal Poem is the honest effusions of a *Real* Poet,—who loves his God—without wearing lawn sleeves upon a plump arm ; and adores his king without being be-Burked with a Pension.—Tho’, by the by, what a snug thing a pension *would be!*—“ The bird of day always looks to the Sun,” as I observe in my Pursuits of Literature, Introd. Lett. p. 9, printed for Becket, 1798.—I have trimmed Pitt here and there ;—the *minister* can keep a Secret :—But I am resolved never to let the *People* know who I am—(their Saviour and Protector.) “ It will be more than foolish for them to be very inquisitive,” as I repeat in my Pursuits of Literature, Introd. Lett. page 9. 1798 ;—but I say nothing !—people may enquire :—I do not say they had better not—but I say nothing !—“ a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse,” as Milton beautifully expresses it.—But—I say—There are daggers,—and Sticks,—and Stones in the world,—but I say nothing !

But

But PROSE, the *Carlman*, (foul'd from head to
sole)

Trudg'd filthy as the cart, Sir, cheek by jowl! (*m*)

AUTHOR.

(*m*) My jocular friend, Octavius, (who is now in a mood of raillery,) is a most consummate Wit.—By Cart and Cartman, he means Prose and Poetry, alluding to my expression in Note (*k*), where I say the Poetry was not meant a *vehicle* for the notes; (which *vehicle* he jocularly terms a Night-Cart);—but the *Prose* (as I have said) was meant to *accompany* the text;—Now, my droll friend, Octavius, says, this word *accompany* certainly implies a driver to *drive on* the Poetry,—and therefore terms him a Cartman. But I think the opinion of Dion—Helic—ad Cn. Pompeium de Platone, Epist. p. 757. see 1 vol. 6. Ed. Reiske, 1777,—but this by and by.—Old Jove, the great Hector, may ripple his nectar;—but this by and by.—Amo, amas,—or as Quint. lib. 9, chap. 3.—or in the glowing language of Sallust——But I must be concise, *My time is of great importance, and of amazing value to the nation*; “and I shall be forced to descend into the lower regions”—“the undoubted right and hereditary dignity of the *Satiric Muse*,”—as I say in my Introductory Letter, p. 11.—Pursuits of Literature, Printed for Beckett (1798)—but to continue with my friend Octavius's laughable remarks—My friend Octavius remarked to me, that my incomparable Poem will be *handled* by posterity—but my friend Octavius means, “in close union with *partes posteriores*,” as Quintilian expresses it—If such be the case, it will of course go with that *odoriferous relic* of the particles which impart nourishment to us—(whether those particles be the particles of a nectarine or the finest Pine-apple, masticated by the finest mouth, and digested by the finest stomach)—to the grand receptacle in Mary-le-bone, or City Road, Islington, or the
very

AUTHOR.

A truce with joke !—what think you of these
 three ?
 My Pope-and - Dryden - Strength, — Simpli-
 city,—
 And last of all my *ditto*-Dignity ?
 By Gifford's great correctness do I swear,
 Your judgment on these three—I long to hear !

OCTAVIUS.

First, to your STRENGTH :—I've seen a plowman
 tread,—
 Crush the fine rose, and grind its lovely head ;
 The leaves, the bud, the stem in *dirt* empal'd ;
 Still through the coat of *mud*, the *sweets* exhal'd !

very famous receptacle in Whitechapel. *Such is the end of all
 my glory*—Sic transit gloria mundi—Delia, Delia, Sh — s.
 Deane Swift*.

I hope the Reader will forgive my quoting in the vulgar
 tongue ; but I am not less *learned* on that account.

* This Deane Swift, fearing the land of his brain might be-
 come barren ; like a wise Agriculturist, properly manured it :
 in order to render the cultivation high and rich, so that it
 might produce healthy plants, and handsome and sturdy flowers.

D

Rich

Rich, to my nostrils did the fragrance steal!
And while I *blefs'd* the flow'r—I *curst* the heel! (*n*)

AUTHOR.

Always in jest!—thy temper gay and free—

OCTAVIUS.

Now to your second—your SIMPLICITY. (*o*)
I've seen at country fairs the clowns come in, }
With matchless confidence, (each sure to win,) }
Peep through horse-collars with a mighty grin! }
And each disgusting muscle seem'd to say, }
“ The prize is mine!—I surely gain the day!— }
“ I know I vie with Parsons (*p*) in the play!” }

(*n*) I presume Octavius hinted by the allusion of the Rose and the Heel, at my incomparable Satire in the Pur. of Lit. on that “ Exotic ” “ Gossamery ” - *Cobwebby*, - *Silk-Wormy* Poet, Doctor Darwin. Octavius has depicted the Doctor by a Rose,—as the said Doctor has whimsically given himself up to *pimp-roses*—*barlot-pinks*—and such-like glowing inhabitants of a floral Brothel. — You see, Reader, my Wit is inexhaustible! — Octavius, tho', is a droll fellow!!

N. B. What fine things these Notes!—Talk of a *Rampart*!
—What a fine *band-grenado* is a Note!!

(*o*) Simplicity. (S.) Weakness, Silliness.

HOOKE PROV. vide JOHNSON'S Dict.

(*p*) This Comedian was so remarkable for the drollery of his gestures, as to have frequently stopped the performers who were acting with him from continuing their parts.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Parsons, means *Pope*;—the *clown*——

OCTAVIUS.

——I mean for thee!

Thy Strength is clownish—clownish thy Simplicity.

AUTHOR.

Still, still at raillery! my pow'rs, I find
Too great! too rich! to think you speak your
mind.

OCTAVIUS.

Now to your DIGNITY—your third and last.

AUTHOR.

“ A truce with badinage!”——

OCTAVIUS.

No joke was pass'd.
I've seen that noble animal, a horse,
In all his glow impatient for the course;
While on his beauteous neck the *filthy* fly
Sat, consequentially, as DIGNITY;
And thus it seem'd to say, in haughty pride,
“ See me, an *insect*, what a horse I ride!

" His blood I suck, I sting him as I go,
" *Unseen* by him *I* rest, while still his foe !"

How might the *horse* reply, with *Dignity*,
" Thou know'st my *dung* is *nourishment* for
thee !!"

Thus you on *Merit* of the present day
A stinging and blood-sucking *insect* play !
Fly where thou wilt, there's filth upon thy wing :
Unseen on Darwin strike thy puny sting !

Though from thy *rhymes* the *richest* line I choose,
'Twould fatten on the *ordure* of *his* muse :—

AUTHOR.

I know, Octavius, you delight in joke !
I mark'd your playful visage as you spoke !
I know I'm all and every thing that's great,
" Rome's second hope and pillar of the state." (q)

OCTAVIUS.

On all alike (to Malice 'tis the same),
Thy puking pen must drop its filth on FAME.

AUTHOR.

(q) The Reader, no doubt, has observed by my Pursuits
of Lit——, of what amazing consequence I am to all the
people of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

AUTHOR.

What Fame?—the world MY *weighty* labours
thank!

OCTAVIUS.

Lingo!—the stomach of thy pen is *rank*!

AUTHOR.

By Heav'ns! Octavius' joke will never end;
Now cease your mirth, I pray you to attend.
What's Darwin's *Rose-exotic* (*gemm'd* with
dews)—(r)

Ting'd by a *foreign* fun, with *foreign* hues,
Shewn near——

(r) Look at note (n).

Now, Reader, only mark the following words which you
will find in my Pursuits of Lit——, Introduct. Let. page xi.

“ There are men (and women too) who understand.—But
“ as to the lovers of *exotic* poetry, I refer them to the Bota-
“ nic Garden of Dr. Darwin.—MY PLANTS AND FLOW-
“ ERS * ARE PRODUCED AND CHERISHED BY THE NA-
“ TURAL INVIGORATING INFLUENCE OF THE COMMON
“ SUN†

* Tantarara!—Tantarara!!——

† Flourish of drums and trumpets.——

Enter BOMBARDINIAN.

—Great Author!—wonderous Author!—charming Poet!
—astonishing Poet!——Homer was nothing to this god-
like man!!

[Exit.

OCTAVIUS.

OCTAVIUS.

Your *native* toad-stool or mushroom,
That *one* night breeds beneath a *foggy* moon !

AUTHOR.

One would suppose the Doctor wrote to trees ;
First sings to flow'rs, and then describes a }
breeze :
What silly goffamery lines are these ?— }

“ Here snow-drops cold, and blue-ey'd hare-
bells blend
“ Their tender tears, as o'er the stream they bend ;
“ The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
“ Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale ;
“ With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
“ And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups ;
“ Here the young rose, in Beauty's damask
pride,
“ Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride ;
“ With honey'd lips enamour'd woodbines
meet,
“ Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses
sweet,

He

He hushes winds—bids “rustling leaves be
still!”

And snails and butterflies his verses fill.

OCTAVIUS.

The very *flow'rs*—*seem* GROWING from his quill!

AUTHOR.

Bees, Spiders, Wasps, and Plants are all his
toil!

OCTAVIUS.

His *ink* is dew—his *page* a pregnant soil!

Flora's *gay offspring* there infuse delight!

A LIVING garden strikes th' enamour'd fight!

AUTHOR.

One ROGERS, too——

OCTAVIUS.

——His *dulcet* pinions spread;

A BEE, that on sweet GOLDSMITH's blossoms
fed,

And hung in raptures on POPE's fertile bed!

Suck'd as much richness as would feast an age,

Then dropp'd *his own* sweet honey on his *page*!

E'en

AUTHOR.

E'en Science sleeps—she's *opium'd* by our foes ;
 (s) *King-killing* Priestley taught the Nymph to
 doze :

P—ff—g in kettles to make Phosphor's blaze,
 Or bottling light'ning, or compounding rays—
 A *second* Franklin, that *defies* his GOD—
 “ *Burn not this house !!!* ”—then fixes up his
 rod. (t)

OCTAVIUS.

We want land purges—God knows how to save !

(s) King-killing Priestley, (as I sagaciously term him in my Pursuits of Lit——.) I have, from very good information, heard,—that the above Doctor, since his residence in America, set off on a pedestrian tour to the back settlements : He, with great strength of resolution, on hearing, as he was in bed, that one of the savage kings of those parts, was coming to visit a town about two hundred miles distance from where he was ; leapt out of bed,—set off at midnight, without shoes or stockings, with nothing but his shirt to cover him, and a *poisoned dagger* in his hand :—he found the king who was in a deep soliloquy on the *blessings of war*,—when, with the greatest malignity, he thrust the dagger into the tawny monarch up to the very hilt :—enquired where he could find the next footy potentate ; found him, did the same, and rung these poignard-changes upon no less than fourscore crowned heads ; then returned home, and took a comfortable nap, as you may suppose, after so much fatigue.

(t) Metalline rod.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Without our planting *rods* to baulk a grave.

OCTAVIUS.

Wars are *best* laxatives to *thin* a land,
And *Pits* are better than a state *well-mann'd*.

AUTHOR.

By Gifford's great correctness do I swear——

OCTAVIUS.

I love to hear you ! *you have such an air !!*

AUTHOR.

Octavius, you admire all I have said ;
Certes your raillery is finely play'd !

Say, where's the harmony of modern verse,
That moves as drowsy as a fine dress'd hearse !
Great Pope and Dryden are the types for me !
Dignity ! Strength, and sweet Simplicity !
As thus——

E

AUTHOR.

“ In verse half-veil'd raise titilating lust, (*u*)
“ Like girls that deck with flow'rs Priapus'
bust.”

Oc̃ty! what makes you stagger thus, and stare?

OCTAVIUS.

That line—a “ leaden-bullet cuts the air ;”
Or rather like a worm, that, in its trail,
Extends his lazy head—contracts his tail.

AUTHOR.

Here are two lines where Harmony agree,
Smooth, light, and elegant ;—as zephyr free !

“ Free from dull order, decency, and rule, (*w*)
“ With dogmas fresh from the *sans-fouci* school.

OCTAVIUS.

Peace Lingo! Peace, your harmony's divine !
Its mighty spirit, will infect the *nine* ;
They'll stagger drunkards!—and the Gods within
Will swear the sacred founts are fill'd with gin!

(*u*) Pursuits of Lit——, p. 27.

(*w*) Pursuits of Lit——, p. 23.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Say, my OCTAVIUS, must not all agree,
That Pope and Dryden in my work they see?
Their genius—their harmony—and spirit?

OCTAVIUS.

I've seen their *names*, if that will stamp your
merit!

So, in some muddy pool, we mark the SUN!
(While in the *filthy mirror* vermin run);
But the REFLECTION warms no fruitful earth,
No *verdure* brightens!—not a *flow'r* has birth!

AUTHOR.

One PINDAR scribbles (of *obscure* retreat),
This man ne'er trac'd one single stroke of wit!
(*) *This man obscure*, has *thrust* himself to note,
Prefs'd on the Public with his jingling throat—

(*) Mark what I say in Pur. of Lit. p. 14. (1798) it is as follows:—"This *obscure* man (P. Pindar) has *contrived* to thrust himself upon the public notice."—I can affirm almost unequivocally of this *obscure* man, &c. &c. &c.—I conclude thus learnedly:

For shame!—(*non hæc in fœdera*, 1794*.)

* I love Consequence!!!—(1798.)

EDITOR.

I will not insult the public by remarking the merits of this
E 2 author.

I cannot suffer such an obscure man
To write with his *false* wit——

OCTAVIUS.

——When *real* wit's your plan!
But who made *you* the oracle refin'd?
You've *thrust* YOURSELF upon the public mind!

AUTHOR.

But then this brainless *man's* *obscure*, while I

OCTAVIUS.

And godlike Gifford tumbl'd from the sky!
IMMORTALS! of great *parts*, great BIRTH, great
 wit,
From Heav'n ye came in rhyming courts to
 fit.

AUTHOR.

Like a true Bard—I tune *my* daring note—
A British bird—I raise my free-born throat!

author.—“ There are men and women too who understand,”
as this clumsy critic justly observes. Doubtless, they are ca-
pable of judging between Peter Pindar and Mr. Invisible.

OCTAVIUS.

OCTAVIUS.

Or as a *vulture* pounce on grub or lamb,
And crush the offspring (v) as you gore the
dam.

AUTHOR.

On *tracts*, aloft—(z)

OCTAVIUS.

(y) Poem and (y) Poet.

(z) I make use of the expression—"Tracts aloft"—in my Pur. of Lit. (Becket, 98) Commencement of the first Dialogue.—Now, Octavius understood this—as on tracts (literary tracts) aloft—(*Sub Cælo*) as Ovid has it in his incomparable Metam. 11—or as Virgil expresses it in his *Æn.* 9.—or as Dion. de Situs Orbis,—but this by and by.—To be concise, (for my time is precious,) he meant my *garret*!—(attic, my brain—attic, my apartment.)—To be sure,

"My casement windows here and there are broke,

"And rags are placed to keep out wind—and smoke."

I am a *lofty* bard indeed! I sit like a king, with a *nation* of Chimnies around me: certainly they are foul-mouthed subjects; but what is a "*poor poet*" to do? (as I *wittily* express it in my Pursuits of Literature, Dialogue i. page 52, printed for Becket, 1798) but this "by and by," as I frequently say in my said Pursuits.—Now, by the Gods! my *only solitary* handkerchief, (that has as many eyes in it as a Cook's cullender,) has this moment fallen from the *mutilated* pane,
and

OCTAVIUS.

With dastard-pen you scan,
Mangle the *writer*—while you fang the *man*.

AUTHOR.

I am a judge, and judge I will remain.

OCTAVIUS.

A scribbling Jeff'ries, *cruel, mad, and VAIN!*

AUTHOR.

Now, now, Octavius, I begin to fear
Your anger's earnest—earnest, too, your sneer!
Yet will I speak my mind—

OCTAVIUS.

—Your skill commands it!

and I am obliged to thrust my black night-cap * into the chafin
to keep out the uncharitable weather.

* By the by, I never wear a *red* one;—it looks like a *bonnet-rouge*; and if I slept in one, I am sure I should dream all night of the guillotine.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

And what is more, all Britain too demands
it! (aa)

OCTAVIUS.

Your're born to save the land, and keep it
free!

AUTHOR.

Priestley's to banish——

OCTAVIUS.

——Bear up Ministry!

(aa) “ I would not *trouble* the world, or myself, with this
“ new edition of my Poem, if I did not think it agreeable to
“ their wishes.”——I said this in my Pur. of Lit.. Introduct.
Lett. p. 2.——

My Printer informed me that fifteen or sixteen different persons
knocked at his door every morning, to know when the edition
would be ready for delivery; and he likewise informed me that
there was always a crowd of *two or three hundred* people anx-
iously waiting at the corner of the street to know the answer.
——It was astonishing, he says, to see the gloom upon the
visages of these people when they were told it was not ready.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR.

Damned be P—— if e'er he keep his word!

“ Reform is ruin ! ”—let **MY** voice be
heard!

Blue ribbons are *true glory*——

OCTAVIUS.

——And *true* WORTH !

Boroughs to sell !!!—Trade gives our fortunes
birth !

Commercial countries without trade must fall,
(A cobbler without leather in his stall.)

AUTHOR.

Still at your sneer ! cease raillery, I pray !

OCTAVIUS.

Here hang me up Fox, Sheridan, and Gray !!
Bring forth the rack !—Horne Tooke, kneel
down, and pray !—

AUTHOR.

To *crack* Horne Tooke, will Heaven's wrath
abate——

OCTAVIUS.

OCTAVIUS.

And with one *coup-de-grace* save Church and
State!

Smooth your wild looks, and that ferocious
stare!——

Go! mourn o'er "headless snails!" (*bb*)—DE-
LIGHT IN WAR!

Weep over "virgin-rabbits!" as they're
skinn'd,

Then stir up PARTY-SPIRIT—like a fiend!

AUTHOR.

My brain is fir'd!—thou'st giv'n new pleasure
birth!

I'm now—all Justice, and I'll purge the earth!

OCTAVIUS.

—Methinks I'm in thy brain now—*walking*
there;—

There's Savage-Garden! (*cc*)—on the Hill I
stare!—

(*bb*) Octavius here sneers at my compassion on these poor
unfriended animals.—See my Pur. of Lit. p.

(*cc*) From Savage Garden you have a full view of the Tower.

In miniature I see upon the *gland* (*dd*),
 With ramparts mounted, the fierce TOWER
 stand :

Each deep-mouth'd *Moralist* [*ee*—of *Iron* }
 wrought,

That *teaches us to die*—by *bullet*-thought ; }
Round arguments, whence sure impression's }
 caught.—

How bulwark-like it stands upon thy brain !— }
 The *deep* and *dirty* ditch, too,—all so plain !— }
 I fly thy *blood*, and *dirt* ;—it gives me pain. }

AUTHOR.

Ah! Octy, in the *wanton* month of May [*ff*],
 How friendly did I make thee flash and play !
 Now we are foes !——

OCTAVIUS.

——I fly not from the war ;
 Thy principles so narrow—I abhor :
 —I see thy VIOLENCE with HATE combin'd ;—
 ('Tis REASON is the *rudder* of the mind !)

(*dd*) Fineal gland.——

(*ee*) Cannon:—these notes are a fine “ *Rampart*.”

(*ff*) (1794,) the time the Pursuits of Lit—— was first
 printed.

Thy

Thy rage, thine arrogance, coxcomic pride,
Malice, conceit, and pedantry;—beside
Thy mean oppression,—and malignant plan,
To mar the *writer*,—but *worse* mar the *man*,
Makes me despise thy ranc'rous, *fest'ring* heart!

AUTHOR.

Then, from this very hour, Octavius,

OCTAVIUS.

—Will we part!!!

F I N I S.

Thy rage, thine arrogance, conceit, pride,
Malice, conceit, and pedantry;—beside
Thy mean oppression,—and malignant plan,
To mar the way;—but woe, woe, woe,
Makes me despise thy rage, thy wrong heart!

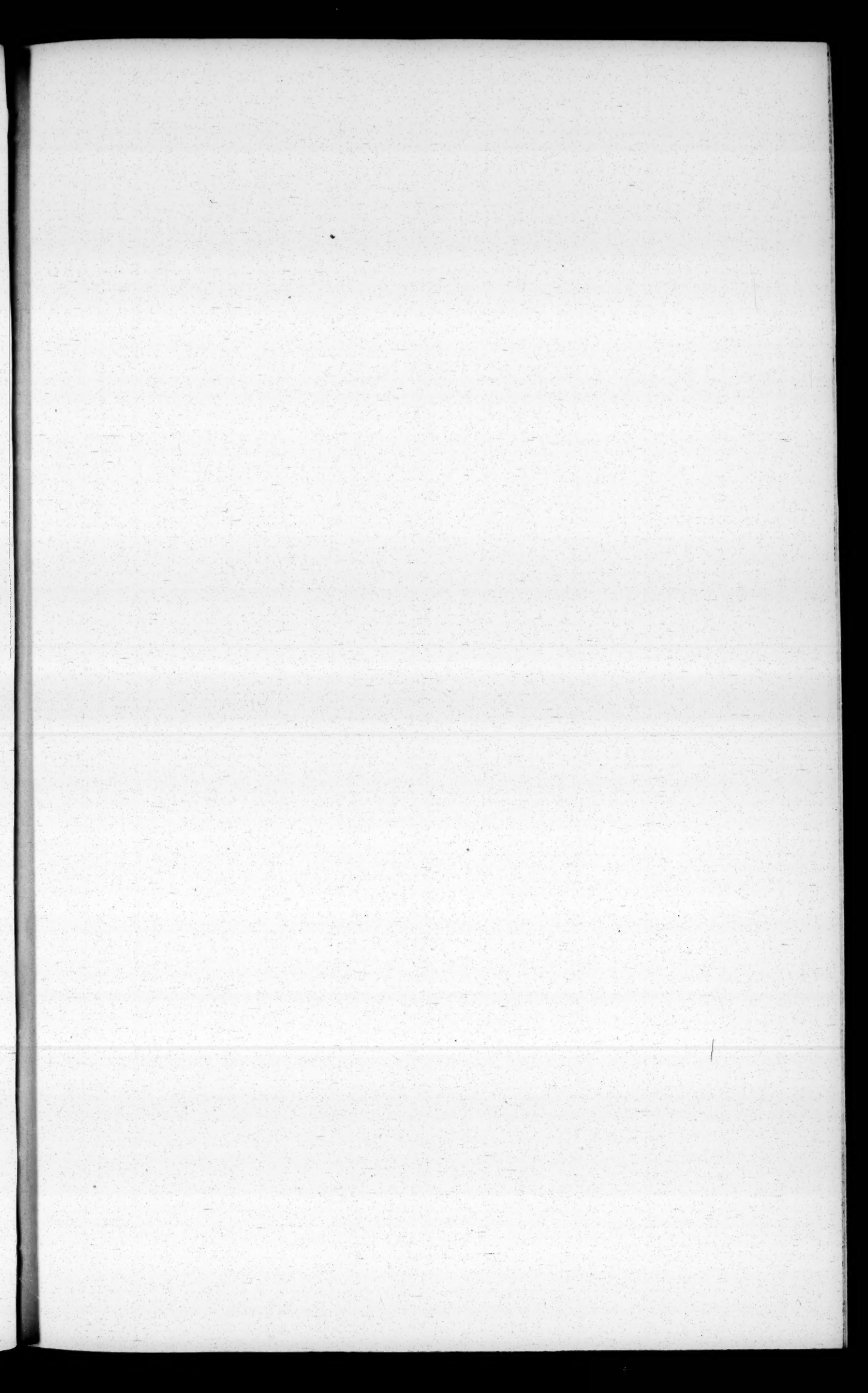
AUTHOR.

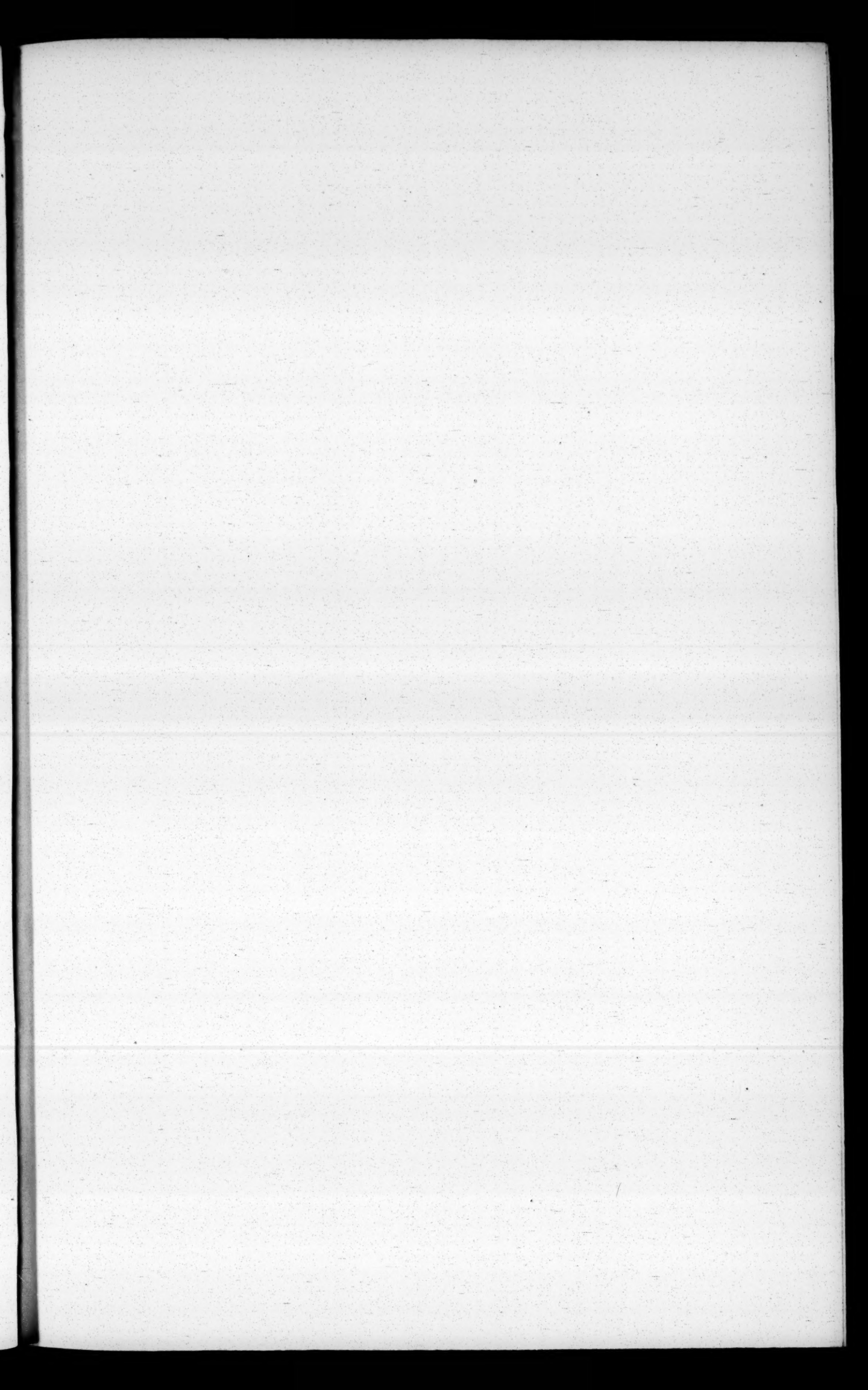
Then, from this day, 6 MA 50

OCTAVIUS.

—Will we part?

FINIS.





F

M

L

T

W

C